

The Tragedy of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare,
King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.
Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing?
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my Daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare Maiesty your Queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my yong Mistrisse this I did bespeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy starre,
This must not bee: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,
Which done she tooke the fruites of my aduise,
And hee repel'd a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madnes wherein now hee raues,
And all wee moune for.
King. Doe you thinke this?
Quee. It may bee very like.
Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade mee, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may wee try it further?
Pol. You know sometimes hee walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. Soe he does indeede.
Pol. At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And bee not from his reason false thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.
King. Wee will trye it.
Enter Hamlet.
Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading
Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away. *Exit King and Quee.*
Hee bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?
Ham. Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger,
Pol. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest my Lord.
Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.
Pol. That's very true my Lord.
Ham. For if the sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being
a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?
Pol. I haue my Lord.
Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.
Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he
knew me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,
and truely in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my
Lord.
Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter my Lord,
Ham. Betweene who.
Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.
Ham. Slanders fir; for the satericall rogue saies here, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thicke Amber, & plum tree gum, & that they haue a plen-